



Bones - journal for contemporary haiku
no. 16
March 15th 2019

haiku
p. 3-94

sequences
p. 96-101

beach jade tumbles from the pail boys at dice

Jo Balistreri

tree frogs courting pangs in my chest

Jo Balistreri

scripts scripts scripts scrawl of twigs on a gunmetal sky

Jo Balistreri

a Greek chorus
closeted in pines
of crows

Jo Balistreri

having never heard a nightingale, the screech of an owl

Clayton Beach

river stone the way a mind bends water bends light

Clayton Beach

time

pop the gestation
curve uh
ladder toward the
wall

John Bennett

l'informé

il pleur o
vídate li
quaste pl
uma in r
espira da

John Bennett

for sure

positive je su
is)hacia a
dentro(I'm a
inbomber

the short time in which children have ceased to be burnt trees

for a small something like a seed though let's stay inside

too late to give up the first sign of bruising in the morning sky

David Boyer

the fight over taxes. Sea Monkeys



Stations of the Cross the days growing longer . . .

Mark Brager

starlings at dusk there's an app for that

Mark Brager

ps/alms

Sondra Byrnes

stiffed by another double three-minute tsunami warning drink

Wampanoag the syntax of cauliflower

Bill Cooper

philanthropist as cypress or strangler fig

Bill Cooper

inky caps
their shirk is code
for fortress

Cherie Hunter Day

scent on wool she left behind a forest relapsing dusk

Chris Dominiczak

bone spur in the naked tide rib lines

a tuna tin's jagged rim the seas edge without end

words
I am always short of
heavy snowfall

Radostina A. Dragostinova

LORAIN
COUNTY AUCTION
a crowd of birds

Dominic Dulin

having attended several meanings a celibate life

knife block the metronome of my heart

Lee Gurga

lost
the
daughter
the daughter lost

Lou Ella Hickman



owning the accent in her name

Roberta Jacobson

but in between lingering a while and not

a uniform
just my size
overcast sky

Elmedin Kadric

half seen
in the river glimpses
of bedclothes

William Keckler

spring night--
the aim of flowers
in the dark

William Keckler

mass
produced
parrot
pretty
poly
vinyl
chloride

watering what I planted and what's sprung up

Craig Kittner

winter moon
a new crack in the
china doll's eye

Edwin Lomere

my girl and i
hit the galaxy
superman boots

Edwin Lomere

sometimes it cuts the chip on my shoulder

Gregory Longenecker

drought the geometry of a vulture

wind italicizing *The Rain*

Nicholas Mathisen

autumnal hyberboleaf

Nicholas Mathisen

(un)earth(ed)worm

Nicholas Mathisen

summer slowly abridging a river

Nicholas Mathisen



an army of dead immigrants roaring through my veins

John McManus

the apparent delay of the dust in the space

P is the set of all primes with a simple pole of history

the bubble's honest doubt changed into blue

first syllables
the pear on the table
is real

walking along the river
hearing the voice
with my dog

Tanaka Mirei

under all this snow a copy of a copy of a copy

Matthew J. Moffett

bamboo

buddha
blossom

loss
lasso

lazarus
risen

river
rampant

loves

rocks

bank

bush

cloud
claws
carcass

paws
our
secret

moun
tain
top

a small forfeiture to enter the oasis

cold hand encountering itself a theory of mind

snowflakes estranged from American English

Michael Nickels-Wisdom

hung in a Jesus Christ pose scarecrow

blood stained the sound of arrows

Veronika Novak

propped open on a sugar-bowl April's sky

Reka Nyitrai



useless a parrot winking at a cabbage

Michael O'Brien

cuckolded rainforest - we find the bylaws of a bathroom

Michael O'Brien

preserving a seahorse the mathematician from rhode island

Michael O'Brien

sunshine a bikini of bluebottles

Michael O'Brien

lime tree the floor catches his ejaculation

Michael O'Brien

winter cottonwoods the life in this life

Victor Ortiz

growing on the branches
of my lungs green moss
in dappled light winter morning

showering at the Y
I hide my gills
from the fisherman

Bill Pauly

autumn bullets a duck without encryption

stretched thin,
my vowels
in moonlight

gnawed bark I might have been going to be a birch

every time: the moon

Agnes Eva Savich

bleeding starlight brian eno

Rich Schilling

where the soldiers are a map is not the territory

lunaticking

Dan Schwerin



between
outstretched
limbs

acorn
how far fallen

and
prodigal
shadow

Ronald Scully

heroin
you
ask

mainline
mutha
fucka
horizons

that's
why

backward
pawn

weakens
every
move

tooth
loosens

center
four
squares

LA Guernica
migraine

between
tightened
eyes

Ronald Scully

with a flashlight
we search for the bat
and something uncanny

Momo Shinokuma

when their lips tear apart the middle of the road

Julie Warther

slow rain after drifts into before

Julie Warther

heart-shaped strawberries -
and she pondered
all these things

Elaine Wilburt

lob	row	ever	to	as
lol	on	green	hea	we
lies	row	ar	ven	may
sol	of	rows	one	grow
dier	tall	aim	by	to
on	pin	ed	one	be

which I dies today

Ernest Wit

a woman smiling
without power
in the river

Reina Yamasaki

no buds at this time,
we notice "too late
for Japanese soul"

Risa Yonekura

is it really ok?
on the second thursday
i'm nonflammable

sequences

giving up again

unable to breathe

his alien announcement

end of everything

licking the rizla

my mortality

he pours a whiskey

I lose myself

in the clam shack

after his withdrawal

the moth's thorax

still throbbing

checks her iPhone
flicks her cigarette
checks her iPhone

tattoo crawls
down her neck
tit for tat

moonrise
tick bite
itching

tick
at it
yet

jan.
etc.
dec.

西

Running sands

bed times at fifteen the ideation of suicide

sparrow feet etchings the sound of running sand

lost, loss led dark side of the moon

increasingly I walk my age back

this the afterlife typo

movement in the woods in the burbs the felling

bombogenesis

cold
shoulder
frazil

big
yes
thundersnow

looks
kill
graupel

bed
mussed
sastruga

no
way
smuir

we
are
gloriole

yes
maybe
mizzle

portrait of a girl reading into her gaze
old letters smelling of must you go
his life as a bird on the branch breaks off
rain tugging the leaves return to sender
even the full moon for our own aloneness



Editors:

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Melissa Allen

Johannes S. H. Bjerg (who did the gfx too)

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